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# HIGH-TONED SPREES:

*A Series of Temperance Legends,*

BY

MRS. O. A. POWERS.

"Such cruel love, on foreign mountains bred;  
Wolves gave it nurse and savage tigers fed;  
It was from *Ætna's* burning entrails torn—  
Got by fierce whirlwinds and in thunder born!"

*Pope.*

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SEVENTH EDITION.

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MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.:  
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1876.

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## NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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Mrs. Powers' enterprise deserves encouragement from all the friends of Temperance, and will aid in arresting one of the worst of evils.—*John B. Gough, Rev. Sylvester Cooke, Rev. H. F. Wadsworth, Rev. James C. Beecher.*

HIGH-TONED.—We have been favored with a copy of a series of temperance legends, denominated "High-Toned Sprees," by Mrs. O. A. Powers, wife of a Master Mason, in which the temperance question is ably and eloquently presented. We advise all the brethren to procure and read the work, as they will thus be aiding the authoress to support and educate her son.—*N. Y. Dispatch, Jan. 10, 1875.*

HIGH-TONED SPREES.—Under this title Mrs. O. A. Powers has published a series of temperance legends, which deal graphically with the temperance question, and picture the miseries she has known and suffered (in the person of those dearest to her) from the cruelties of strong drink. It is a moral appeal to the community, and has been well received so far, having already reached a fourth edition.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser, Oct. 6, 1874.*

"HIGH-TONED SPREES."—The above is the title of a small book containing a series of temperance legends by Mrs. O. A. Powers. In this metrical plea for temperance she vividly portrays the ruin inevitably resulting from giving way to the thirst for liquor. By its vigorous treatment of an evil, and plain presentment of truth, it is calculated to do much good. The author is herself canvassing for the sale of the book, by which she gains a livelihood.—*Brooklyn Union.*

High-Toned Sprees, a series of temperance legends, by Mrs. O. A. Powers; price, 75 cents. This little book has the favorable opinion of John B. Gough, and others well fitted to estimate its merits, both as a literary production and as a work designed to advance the cause of temperance. It is printed for the authoress in Middletown, N. Y.—*The Association Advocate, Brooklyn, Nov., 1874.*

TEMPERANCE RHYMES.—A lady named Mrs. O. A. Powers, has caused to be published a small volume of temperance rhymes, entitled "High-Toned

Sprees." Of the rhymes it is sufficient to say that they are unmistakably moral.—*The Brooklyn Eagle*, Nov. 13, 1874.

A GOOD LITTLE BOOK.—Mrs. O. A. Powers has written and published a small, handsomely bound volume, comprising a series of temperance legends, which contain a great deal of truth expressed in tolerably good rhymes. She is disposing of the book for the purpose of supporting herself and her child, and our readers will find 75 cents well invested in buying a copy of Mrs. Powers' "High-Toned Sprees."—*Jersey City Journal*.

BOOK NOTICE.—High-Toned Sprees, a series of temperance legends, by Mrs. O. A. Powers. This is a volume of 80 pages, which the authoress has laid on our desk. It is written by one who has seen and felt the evils of intemperance and hence is able to tell out of a full heart what she has to say. The work has gone through four editions, which speaks well for it. We should like to see it very generally circulated, and believe it will do good.—*Elizabeth City Journal*.

HIGH-TONED SPREES.—This is the title of a little volume containing a series of temperance legends, written by Mrs. O. A. Powers. Each legend is a temperance lecture of considerable force, and the book will doubtless accomplish much good. The legends are readable and interesting. The author is now in this city, and intends to canvass for the sale of the book. The price is only 75 cents, and the book is well worth the money.—*American Standard*.

HIGH-TONED SPREES.—This is the title of an unassuming little volume of temperance legends, which the author, Mrs. O. A. Powers, is distributing to our citizens. Every legend it contains is a vivid temperance lecture, and we will venture the assertion that Mrs. Powers, with her little book, is effecting more permanent good in the cause of temperance than all the valiant crusaders throughout the broad West. Aside from their high moral tone, these productions contain considerable literary merit and much poetic ingenuity. They touch the higher grades of dissipation, which is really the vulnerable point of attack in a reform of this nature. The play of satire, playful humor and earnest appeal, are in turn brought to bear upon her subjects by the author. Mrs. Powers deserves encouragement from the friends of temperance, and we trust her book, which is her only source of support, will find ready sale in our community.—*Hudson Register*.

HIGH-TONED SPREES.—This little book of rhymes, by Mrs. O. A. Powers, is finding ready sale. The authoress has felt the evils of intemperance, and writes with a free and often sharp pen. She is a resident of Sussex County, New Jersey, and relies upon the sale of her work for the support of herself and "worse than orphaned child."—*Newburgh Journal*.

"High-Toned Sprees" is the title of a little book by Mrs. O. A. Powers, which is spoken favorably of by the press, and will well repay a perusal. It is, in fact, an excellent temperance lecture by a woman; and to those who

are willing to aid a worthy lady and profit by the moral inculcated, we recommend its patronage.—*Newburgh Telegraph*.

Mrs. O. A. Powers, the authoress of a series of temperance legends, called "High-Toned Sprees," is about to canvass this city. We advise persons favorable to the temperance cause to purchase a copy of the work, as it gives a description of all classes of people on a "High-Toned Spree," with one honorable exception, editors, and as these never get on high-toned spreeds we believe in the book.—*Kingston Daily Freeman*.

The lady who retails the series of temperance legends called "High-Toned Sprees" made a raid on the Court, Friday, and it certainly was a refreshing sight to see the county officials, from the sheriff down to the constable, reading the contents that lay between the blue covers.—*Rondout Freeman*.

HIGH-TONED SPREES.—This is the title of a series of temperance legends by Mrs. O. A. Powers. The author has grouped together a number of legends, describing with accuracy the blighting effects of intemperance.—*Poughkeepsie Eagle*.

Mrs. Powers describes, in well-written verse, those who indulge in high-toned spreeds, and the scenes through which they frequently pass. She has adopted this as a means of support, and her pluck and determination will, in the end, compel success, and, at the same time, aid in accomplishing a much-needed reform.—*Sussex Register*.

"High-Toned Sprees," a series of temperance legends, by Mrs. O. A. Powers, a victim of them. The authoress is disposing of her books for 75 cents each. It is her only means of obtaining the necessities of life. Buy one and read it—it's good.—*Scranton Daily Times*.

HIGH-TONED SPREES.—Mrs. O. A. Powers has left upon our table a series of temperance legends, with the above title. We have not time to make an extended notice, but hope she will have success in making sales, as it will do a world of good. "It is better than a local option sermon."—*Wilkesbarre Times*.

HIGH-TONED SPREES.—This is the title of a little volume placed upon our table by Mrs. O. A. Powers, the author of it. It is a series of temperance legends, well worth reading, and Mrs. Powers has sold many hundreds of copies in Scranton. The price is only 75 cents per copy, and Mrs. Powers is sustaining herself in this way.—*Scranton Republican*.

Mrs. Powers' series of temperance legends, "High-Toned Sprees," has really met with wonderful success. Two large editions have already been sold, and a third one has just been issued, which contains large additions to the reading matter of the former editions. The last is on tinted paper, in large, clear type, and is indeed, a beautiful volume. Mrs. Powers is an enterprising woman, working for the support of herself and child, and she has earned the success which has rewarded her labors.—*Orange Co. Press*.

High-Toned Sprees, a series of temperance legends, by Mrs. O. A. Powers. We have received a copy of this interesting little book, and think it well worth the price charged for it (75 cents), and even more. The authoress is now selling the book in this vicinity, and we trust that she will be liberally patronized. Buy her book, and help along a worthy cause and aid a suffering woman.—*Scranton City Journal*.

High-Toned Sprees, a series of temperance legends, by Mrs. O. A. Powers. This is the title of a neat little volume of poetry portraying the evils of intemperance, and is calculated to do much good; in fact, it is a better temperance advocate than local option. Mrs. Powers is not wealthy, and those who buy her little book will get the worth of their money and aid a needy family.—*Scranton Daily Democrat*.

# PREFACE.

---

## MY DEAR READERS:

Various are the questions that some of you propose, and I will cheerfully try to answer.

Cruel, avaricious Intemperance has taken away my competency, even to the bridal gifts of a pious mother, and among them was a beautiful Bible.

I lived on dangerous waves of trouble, and these assumed an octosyllabic form, somewhat unlike those of *Blanche*, the maniac, in *Scott's Lady of the Lake*.

Some of you say that you buy my book to aid me and make me happy. Doubtless you have read—

"The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

"This world is truly a vale of tears," and persecutions do not come single handed. I have been closely pursued by fine-looking people of both sexes who threatened to arrest me for publishing sentiments in favor of temperance and sound morals, which they call libels. I requested a good lawyer to entertain the arresting party, who called my book a "magnifying mirror" in which they pretended to see themselves. He said to them, "Arrest Mrs. Powers if you think best to execute your threat, but do not attempt the private injury that you suggest, for that is the cruel, inhumane mode of the midnight assassin." A distinguished American writer says, "The greater the truth the greater the libel."

A few of my literary friends are inclined to be critical in their remarks, and ask me in what style of verse I write. Those who go on high-toned sprees never stop to measure a foot of black ink with a square to ascertain whether it contains twelve or more geographical inches of metrical precision; neither do I—

"With truth I measure prose and song,  
For life is short and art is long."

O, aid the poor, down-trodden temperance cause, ye objects animate and inanimate, for the sake of half-clad, half-fed children, and for the sake of weeping wives, mothers and sisters, who have their highest, fondest hopes crushed, and their warm, loving hearts broken by those who go on high-toned sprees!

These unvarnished effusions, which contain far more truth than fiction, are mournfully dedicated to all those who go on high-toned sprees.

MRS. O. A. POWERS.

# HIGH-TONED SPREES.

---

## AN ADDRESS TO INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance, thy ills are more  
Than grains of sand on ocean's shore;  
A mighty conqueror art thou—  
Proud millions at thy feet must bow  
And heavy tribute yearly pay,  
Thus meekly own thy regal sway.  
Thy rum-shops pestilential damps,  
That cause delirium and cramps,  
And burning fevers that consume  
Beauty of mind and healthful bloom—  
When lured by thee our youth are lost  
Like summer's fruit by early frost;  
Proud man, in God's own image made,  
By thy inglorious sceptre swayed  
Wrecked are his qualities of worth,  
He's changed to demon on the earth.  
When they can serve your cause no more  
You make the bravest of your corps,  
Who bear for you infernal scars,  
To die inside of prison bars;  
You make your worn-out veterans dwell

In poorhouse, jail or prison cell ;  
All over this prolific earth  
Of happiness would make a dearth  
Just to increase your own full store,  
Then, like the horse-leech, still crave more:  
How can the wise, the brave and strong,  
Look on and aid such sinful wrong?

---

THE FREE-LOVER ON A HIGH-TONED  
SPREE.

Did you ever hear of a genius aflame,  
And sigh when you read his euphonious name?  
His knowledge so great and perception so keen,  
Among men of honor his visage is seen.  
He is one of the educational board,  
To see that your children are purely adorned  
With text-books and teachers refined from all dross,  
That knowledge progressive may suffer no loss.  
This free-lover loves, and in courtship excels,  
At gay Saratoga, the lake shore and glens :  
O, ye muses, descend, his achievements rehearse—  
Portray his love-scheming in prose, song and verse.  
His brow is most regal, expansive and fair ;  
His head is adorned with dark glossy hair ;  
His eyes are deep blue—a beautiful pair,  
Emitting bright rays of rapturous light,  
Alluring the wood-nymph, fairy and sprite ;  
His form like Apollo's, majestic and fine ;  
And, like handsome Bacchus, loves *amorous wine*.  
He lives in a mansion of brown stone replete,  
That fronts on a very fashionable street,  
Within a vast city of splendor and worth,

Whose churches and schools embellish the earth.  
His own wife is handsome, and pure as the snow ;  
His children true filial affection bestow—  
They love him most fondly—O, why should he go  
Away to the highlands a dashing, fine beau ?  
At Glen Falls he loiters, the long summer day,  
With somebody's wife, near the cataract's spray :  
He says, "Precious darling, my love is most pure,  
And, like amaranthus, will ever endure ;  
Your charms to another I cannot resign  
While blooms on the hillside one nice columbine ;  
The bright dahlias smiling, inform you 'I'm thine.'"   
He speaks in soft accents, persuasive and meek,  
And the deep crimson blush suffuses her cheek ;  
On his smooth adulations no object can stay,  
Her heart is upon them and sliding away ;  
A choice floral offering she tenderly gave ;  
She gathered nasturtion, to honor the brave ;  
Profusion of roses, moss, damask and red,  
She twined in a wreath 'round his neck and his head ;  
And sweetest of rosebuds confessions impart—  
She placed them in button-holes over his heart ;  
He tells her the great men of Athens and Rome  
Were votaries of pleasure when absent from home,  
And Cupid lured genius to bask in the rays  
Of his bright silver arrows since earliest days—  
"I love you! I love you! O where can we meet ?  
In city or hamlet what happy retreat ?  
Your beauty leads captive, and you are the fane  
I worship most fondly with heart, soul and brain ;  
Our spirits by nature are truly allied ;  
Our high sphere is loving, like bridegroom and bride ;  
We'll ne'er sigh and languish for friends left at home,  
They'll find kindred spirits wherever they roam."



When twilight's red curtain spread over the glens,  
The sage and fair lady were dearest of friends ;  
They loiter among the green mossy dells,  
Where the tender primrose of inconstancy dwells ;  
They loiter where woodbines and roses grow wild ;  
He says, " You're my beautiful, beautiful child,  
With bright beaming eyes full of pleasure and love,  
Far brighter than Pleiades shining above—  
Of all earthly pleasures most highly I prize  
To sun my heart freely in your brilliant eyes !  
Your smile is a rainbow of promise secure,  
The signal of love that will ever endure ;  
Your cheeks are peach-blossoms, where I fix my  
choice ;  
Your lips are twin rosebuds that make me rejoice ;  
Your breath is as fragrant as mignonette beds,  
And with you my spirit in harmony weds ;  
Your nice hands are warm and soft as a kitten—  
My heartstrings will break if you give me the mitten."   
They loiter to see all the wood-doves at rest,  
And the mountain-lark sleeping secure in its nest ;  
They loiter to hear the sweet nightingale sing,  
In clear, mellow notes, of summer and spring ;  
They loiter to hear the cuckoo and jay  
Chanting fine odes on the close of the day ;  
They loiter to see pearly dewdrops repose  
On lily and violet, the daisy and rose ;  
They loiter to gaze upon Venus afar,  
The silver moonbeams and the evening star ;  
Then, graceful and loving, they wended their way  
To a mansion, reviewing that high festal day.  
They aptly recorded the same *nom de plume* ;  
To them was thrown open an elegant room.  
His writing a million of people perused,

But only dear May read his sweet *billet doux* :  
He told of a cottage where rays of the moon  
And the music of spheres could sweetly attune ;  
It stood on the verge of bright waters most clear—  
Lake George, a fine mirror, where objects appear  
So truly reflected that artists portray  
Its beauty by moonlight in charming array.  
There he would sing love-songs and play on a lute,  
And piano and lyre would give their salute.  
Lake George was his favorite summer retreat  
When the city was raised to a feverish heat ;  
The climate was wholesome—a pure, bracing air ;  
The groves were delightful to rove with the fair.  
His horses were handsome, high mettled and fleet,  
His carriage and saddles imported and neat ;  
His yacht was all finished and ready to sail,  
With blue silken streamers afloat in the gale ;  
The cottage was charming, embowered in shade,  
The grounds were extensive, the arbors well made,  
The clambering rose and the clustering vine,  
The emblem of beauty and *amorous* wine ;  
The cool, crystal fountains of water sang clear  
And birds of soft plumage delighted the ear ;  
The choicest of viands completed his board,  
And purest of wine in his cellar was stored ;  
With him she would go to this rustic retreat,  
Afar from the city's confusion and heat,  
Here a free lover gay and somebody's wife  
Could bask in the rays of Elysian life.

She heeded the charmer, his bright, flashing eyes,  
His words of persuasion and eloquent sighs,  
The coo of the turtle, the notes of the dove ;  
Blind Cupid presided, the archer of love.

They go to the cottage where bright flowers bloom,  
That waft o'er the highlands their sweetest perfume ;  
Where birds sing their love-notes aloft in the trees,  
And melody floats in the midsummer breeze.  
He tells her the kings and conquerors of yore,  
The greatest and wisest in classical lore,  
The proud Roman censor and Athenian sage,  
In various intrigues were prone to engage.  
Enchanted, she listens ; his *billet doux* please ;  
They form a fine project to rove over seas,  
To strengthen their love on the ocean's salt foam,  
Afar from their wedded companions at home.

Their courtship was gliding all smoothly along,  
'Mid flowers and music, soft moonlight and song,  
Till someone grew anxious concerning his wife,  
Whom he thought was the dearest loved object in  
life ;

The autumn had come and the summer had flown ;  
He sat by his fireside and pondered alone ;  
There stood by his elbow a lone, vacant chair,  
No soft hand was smoothing his brow from dull care,  
He missed her bright presence to comfort and cheer,  
Her sweet, honeyed accents that called him " My  
dear."

She loitered and loitered by Lake George's side ;  
He wished her at home, and his wish was denied.  
His city is one of the finest on earth,  
Where dwell noble women of talent and worth,  
And great men of genius, most wise and profound,  
With morals untarnished and logic all sound,  
Whose lives are examples of virtue and truth  
Not always perceived by fast people and youth.

Somebody believed in the good and the pure,

And deemed marriage rites wise, sacred and sure,  
When Hymen gave lovers a true, lasting pledge,  
To keep from the breakers on life's "ragged edge,"  
To have them sail homeward for comfort and rest,  
In a home of all harbors serenest and best—  
Sweet home, full of blessings, an Eden of joy  
For a family group to possess and enjoy,  
When lo, his own wife was about to elope  
And leave him forlorn without shadow of hope !  
Directly he went to a famous lake-shore,  
Saw luminous visions that made him deplore ;  
A fine sailing vessel appears to his sight—  
A volume of flames, with the sparks flying bright,  
Comes swift as an arrow and reaches the strand,  
A fine, loving couple leap forth on the land,  
A myriad of sparks adorn their attire—  
Chicago burned fearful—Lake George is on fire !  
So great are the sparks in their martial array  
The rocks, hills and valleys seem melting away !  
Ring out all the fire-bells and bring forth the hose !  
Quick drain the Atlantic to save friends and foes !  
Mount *Ætna*, when raging, consumes very fast,  
But a genius aflame is never surpassed  
When he goes to the highlands a dashing, fine beau,  
Like a city on fire, most brilliant the glow :  
And somebody's wife reaps the ashes of woe ;  
Her rich silks and laces were damaged and soiled,  
And, like a singed cat, all their beauty was spoiled.  
Her true-hearted husband felt sorely aggrieved,  
And asked the free lover why he deceived.  
He haughty replied that his life and his pen  
Were worth many million such virtuous men.  
Then somebody went to a sage referee,  
And requested divorce—he wished to be free

From the fire and smoke of that ruinous spree.  
It was a fiery, clandestine affair,  
Gold, silver and diamonds could never repair,  
But a judgment was given in favor of May,  
On the free lover's goods to buy new array,  
And soon as death claimed her to rest on its bier  
For a charity fund the goods would appear,  
Proclaiming the free lover's own proper name,  
That widows and orphans might know whence they  
came ;

The law tried from evil to ferret some good—  
For May and poor people warm raiment and food.  
Officials on duty—judge, sheriff and 'squire—  
Looked after remains of that terrible fire ;  
They searched, through the cinders and ashes all  
round,

And the judgment returned with no property found  
Except a large cargo of sweet *billet doux*  
That the free lover wrote for May to peruse.

Loose love, how deceptive wherever its course ;  
The husband was cheated and gained a divorce.  
The law gave the father control of their child,  
While the sad mother raved and her paramour  
smiled.

Beware, all ye beauties, of genius aflame,  
Lest you lose a good husband, children and name ;  
From ashes of virtue no good can arise  
And soar, like the phoenix, aloft to the skies.

---

THE MINISTER-ATTORNEY ON A HIGH-TONED  
SPREE.

A man of highly polished ways,  
Fine looking in his youthful days,

With jetty locks of curly hair,  
Complexion ruddy, fresh and fair ;  
His form was graceful and erect,  
Without one shadow of defect ;  
His eyes a dark, fine, handsome blue.  
Leagues of theology he knew,  
Fluent he was in sacred lore,  
Of Bible precepts rich his store,—  
Magnus Apollo, formed to please,  
With wisdom, eloquence and ease :  
They said the “nightingale had sung  
Upon his head when he was young,”  
Such mellow notes he could rehearse  
In flowery style of prose and verse.

There was a charming maiden fair ;  
He watched her with a shepherd's care..  
Before she met his tender glance  
She was a peri in the dance ;  
She glided graceful in the waltz,  
Her agile feet were never false .  
On her the fascinating rays  
Of brilliant eyes were prone to gaze,  
“ Where youth and pleasure chased away  
The glowing hours till dawn of day.”  
But when the pastor came to woo,  
She bid the festive hall adieu,  
His honeyed accents soft and clear  
As if the dying fawn was near ;  
She thought him eloquent as Paul,  
In pulpit, lecture-room and hall ;  
Like Solomon she thought him wise—  
The admiration of all eyes ;  
She thought him patient-like as Job—

The best man on this earthly globe—  
With morals pure as gold well tried  
By fire, and seven times purified.  
Thus she became his loving wife,  
Thought him her dearest friend for life.

Of greatest import is the soul,  
That lives while endless ages roll ;  
Yet human forms some care require,—  
Nutritious food, pure air and fire,  
And many other useful things  
This world in its rotation brings  
While it revolves around the sun.  
Our earthly missions soon are run ;  
“ A silver lining has each cloud ”  
For those who are not vain and proud.  
Our bodies should be treated well ;  
They're temples where our spirits dwell ;  
And we are told they'll reunite  
In realms of darkness or of light.  
Magnus Apollo, being young—  
Just four years more than twenty-one—  
Knew not from whence home comforts sprung ;  
Yet he had cut his wisdom teeth ;  
Was honored with a laurel wreath ;  
Could number all the twinkling stars,  
And tell of Venus, Jove and Mars,  
The planets and their satellites,  
The Milky Way and Northern Lights ;  
While wheat that rusted on the plain,  
Spoiled by the long, protracted rain,  
He purchased for the golden grain,  
To have it moulded into bread  
Heavy as any plumber's lead ;

Vile butter that was old, and strong  
As Samson when his locks were long ;  
\*Stale eggs, that such perfumes enclose  
As scent sweet ottar of the rose ;  
Sirloin from aged bovine necks,  
Potatoes full of darksome specks,  
The cheese was moving—full of life—  
Such rations he procured his wife.  
Enough of these she did not taste  
To renovate life's daily waste.

Oft' in his brother's gay saloon,  
He feasted morning, night and noon,  
On Persian cream and dainties rare,  
Oysters and wine—a sumptuous fare.  
Of wine he took a drop too much,  
Which he told others not to touch :  
When it regaled his heart and lungs  
He spoke in many foreign tongues—  
Hebrew, Latin, Dutch and Spanish,  
English, German, French and Danish,  
Scottish, Russian and Chinese—  
In language took such high degrees  
He had to get behind the scenes,  
Lost, lost in alcoholic dreams.

His wife at home would fast and sigh  
Alone, no voice to give reply :  
She gently smiled on every face,  
And few could comprehend her case ;  
Her fair cheeks lost their rosy bloom,  
And changed to pallor of the tomb ;

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\* The perfume of stale or decayed eggs and ottar of roses have the same chemical composition, being the same elements combined in different proportions.



All brilliancy her eyes forsook  
And left a lorn, dejected look—  
She died in silence—did not tell  
What grief was in the inner cell  
Of her poor bleeding, broken heart ;  
She would not let her lips impart  
The heinous wrong she could not right—  
“ The good die first—pass out of sight.”  
Too soon she laid upon the bier ;  
He seemed to shed the heartfelt tear,  
Foremost among the mourners sat,  
The sable crape was on his hat ;  
He wore such livery of woe  
As best could make a pensive show ;  
But soon he brushed all tears away,  
Unmindful of his kindred clay ;  
Her portrait from the parlor wall  
He carried to the attic small,  
Wrapped in a blanket rough and old,  
Where no one would her face behold ;  
He thought it cast a shade of gloom  
Around his fine reception room.

A widower in prime of life,  
He wooed and won a wealthy wife ;  
The Gordian knot again was tied,  
He had another worthy bride.  
It was for better or for worse,  
He wanted heart and hand and purse ;  
Her purse to him she would not yield,  
He was a warrior in the field ;  
Columbia's blood was in her veins,  
He tried to fetter her in chains.  
For years he waged a money strife

That made her weary of her life ;  
And then a precious baby born  
Helped her to bear the raging storm ;  
'Round it her warm affections clung  
Soon as she heard its infant tongue.

Its father was not thus impressed ;  
He donned his finest coat and vest,  
And went to see a maiden fair,  
With ringlets of fine auburn hair.  
He said, " My dear, could you endure  
A short, romantic, mountain tour,  
To breathe the pure refreshing air  
Above this world of grief and care ?"  
She answered, with a " modest grace,"  
" With you I'd go to any place  
From eastern to the western shore, '   
And nature's heights and depths explore  
I'd wander with you, hand in hand,  
'Mid fays and nymphs of fairy land ;  
Or go beyond the condor's flight,  
To Chumularee's topmost height ;  
Wherever you would lead the way  
I should not hesitate to stray."  
She quickly donned a costly suit,  
While he procured a lover's lute,  
And then the tourists upward soar  
Where famous waters leap and roar ;  
They see two friendly ponds unite—  
They're charmed by the majestic sight ;  
They view the falls, the hills, the dells,  
And 'mid the grandeur see themselves ;  
She leans upon his stalwart arm,—  
A naiad guarded from all harm ;

He tells her, "You're the beau ideal  
Of all the love my heart can feel ;  
I'll leave my wife and noisy boy—  
They never caused ecstatic joy."

His wife is in a darkened room ;  
One ray of light shines 'mid the gloom ;  
She's faint, but hears a little voice  
That makes her troubled heart rejoice.  
She prays he may be good and great,  
Unlike her absent, roving mate.  
Before the Sabbath he returned,  
But not to tell how much he'd learned ;  
Within the church he offered prayer,  
This demon of the midnight air,  
Who often, after sacred hours,  
When pearly dew was on the flowers,  
And when the waning moon was pale,  
Would tread as softly as a snail,  
Receding from his sleeping bride,  
Descending the west window's side,  
Down, down a lengthy ladder-rope—  
Not on the church to fix his hope.  
The mother of his infant child,  
Knowing all this, was nearly wild—  
Yet she must live—avaunt, despair !  
The boy demands a mother's care.  
She leaves her husband, takes the dove,  
Their child—" a pledge of sacred love ;"  
She'd suffered so much foul abuse,  
She chose the life of a recluse.

The pastor dresses superfine ;  
His linen, boots, and moustache shine ;

He aims to be a legal star,  
And leaves the pulpit for the bar;  
He goes to parties and to balls,  
Is given much to evening calls;  
The worthy beaux must stand afar;  
He is a gallant, looming star;  
He wins the games and dances well,  
Romantic stories fine can tell;  
Speaks very low to handsome girls;  
Admires their laces, rings and pearls,  
And worships her with auburn curls.  
He tells them all, "My wife has left:  
Because I'm poor I was bereft;  
This made her cruel and untrue,  
It made her sing 'Love's Last Adieu';  
And now she's sighing to return;  
But 'tis a lesson she must learn  
And understand, that she resigned  
All claims upon my heart and mind;  
She's fickle as the April wind;  
She 'fixed the gulf'—the day is o'er,  
To me she can return no more."

Aye, Lucifer, thou fallen star!  
Your lies are bright as burning tar;  
The truth you crush again will rise—  
It is recorded in the skies;  
You are the father of deceit;  
She kneels not at your vassal's feet.  
Forsooth, and looks he very fine,  
Of innocence that is no sign—  
The tiger and the rattlesnake  
Are beauties in the forest brake—

They're handsome, but they are not good—  
“The pride and terror of the wood.”

Magnus Apollo seeks divorce ;  
The law must take a wanton course,  
Unyoke him free from all the shame,  
And make pure woman bear the blame.  
He tortured her year after year ;  
Again gigantic wrongs appear ;  
Through raking fires must be her path  
To satiate his love and wrath ;  
He tries to fling her on the pyre  
Of flaming slander to expire ;  
He leaves the place where he is known,  
Beyond Ohio makes his moan ;  
Two hypocrites he summons there  
To testify and falsely swear  
Bad, sour bread his wife would make,  
She could not broil a decent steak ;  
The food she even cooked the best  
An ostrich e'en could not digest :  
Magnus Apollo was half dead,  
His stomach cancered by her bread ;  
It turned his liver inside out,  
He had dyspepsia and the gout.  
He was a husband kind and good,  
Deserving proper, wholesome food ;  
She left him, and would go astray,  
To wander in the broad highway—  
E'en Lucifer could not survive  
With her and have his kingdom thrive.

They did not tell of her who laid  
Beneath the weeping willow's shade ;

They did not tell what he would buy  
To cook and bake, to steam and fry—  
The cheapest for his family's use,  
The worst the market could produce.  
They told not how he'd rave and curse  
Because his wife would keep her purse ;  
They told not of the wine and beer,  
Where he drank hogsheads every year ;  
They told not of the mountain tour,  
The crystal fountains, cool and pure ;  
They told not of the ladder-rope,  
Which way to hang it and elope.

Their evidence so clear and broad,  
The law was more than overawed,  
To purity annexed disgrace :  
The judge summed up the desperate case—  
A wife had left her own liege lord,  
Such loss a man could ill afford ;  
He was not made to live alone—  
Woman was made of his curved bone.

His marriage vow was all destroyed,  
And he was virtue unalloyed ;  
He might go into any State  
And, like a gander, choose a mate.  
From that court-room he sallied out  
Free from dyspepsia and the gout ;  
No more his liver and his gall  
For courtly favors deign to call ;  
At once he went into the town  
Where he had worn the sacred gown,  
A lawyer, witty, gay and fine,  
Pleading for brandy, gin and wine,

Ready to anchor love and hope  
He'd courted on a ladder-rope—  
She only had to change her name,  
For years he'd loved her just the same.  
Some worthy people call him smart  
Who cannot see his venom'd heart.

Magnus Apollo feels remorse,  
From it he cannot get divorce—  
Remorse, the worm that never dies,  
Clings to him firmly as disguise.

MORAL.

If there's divorce for such as me,  
Most noble Festus, let it be  
Awarded in the Empire State,  
Just where I lost my legal mate,  
And not within the frigid zone  
(Where flax and hemp are never grown)  
By Norwegian and Esquimaux  
Far off amid eternal snow.

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THE MERCHANT ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The merchant keeps an ample store,  
His name is labeled on the door ;  
The windows, of capacious size,  
Are decked with goods to charm the eyes ;  
Rich satins, silks and ribbons gay,  
Suspended, make a fine display :  
But 'tis not of the silken hose,  
The woolen goods or calicoes,  
Merinos or the cambrics white,

Of them I do not wish to write—  
His desk behind the cotton bales,  
'Twas where an agent made no sales.  
She asked the princely man to look,  
And deign to buy a little book ;  
He spoke a word, 'twas full of ire—  
“ Leave here ! your book I don't require.”

The other merchants had been kind,  
For she was nearly deaf and blind ;  
She paused a moment on the spot,  
He looked too fine to be forgot.  
A girl had stood beside his chair,  
With raven locks of curly hair,  
And made a very sudden flight  
When the book agent came in sight,  
But on a retina she was placed  
Not easily to be effaced.  
The wicked flee when none pursue ;  
Why should the lady run from view ?  
Oft' those who murder and deceive [leave ;”  
Through midnight darkness take “ French  
'Tis well a pile of cotton bales  
Of love and murder tell no tales.

Then onward through the city vast  
The agent with her volume passed ;  
At length she read upon a door  
The merchant's name who owned the store—  
It was a brownstone mansion high,  
Erected towards the azure sky.  
She slightly pulled the ringing-bell,  
Thinking “ Not here a book will sell,  
Where bronze and marble statues dwell



And hearts beat in an ice-bound cell."  
The mistress of the mansion came.  
She was a noble, lovely dame,  
With charming eyes and gentle mien—  
No shadow of "hauteur" was seen.  
"Come in," she said, "the day is cold ;  
I hope for you greenbacks unfold :  
'Tis hard to face stern winter's blast  
When the north wind is blowing fast  
And drifting banks of pure white snow  
'Round women that are forced to go  
Through freezing storms, from home and fire,  
To get the food their babes require.  
I always do befriend the muse,  
To buy your books will not refuse,  
Ten dollars worth I can peruse,  
And hope you may meet with success,  
Kind friends and stores of happiness."

The contrast 'twixt that house and store  
The agent sought to well explore ;  
She went into the billiard halls,  
Where roll the handsome crystal balls ;  
She went into the gay saloons,  
Where men are merry-like as loons ;  
She went into the bar-rooms vast,  
Where young men drink and die too fast ;  
The merchant was their happy guest,  
To drink and gamble, bet and jest.  
Intent to reach the mystic goal,  
She went to buy a cotton roll,  
And saw the comely maiden dear  
Beside her stylish chevalier—  
Her head leaned on his saffron vest,

Fondly his arm her neck caressed,  
More loving than the nightingale  
That tells the rose its mournful wail.

One month elapsed ; again that store  
Above she went to canvass more,  
For it was on a noble bay,  
Where vessels in the harbor lay.  
A handsome girl, with raven locks,  
Responded, and the door unlocks.  
Her raiment is of purple fine,  
Best products of the loom and mine ;  
The precious gold and diamonds shine—  
The rings and bracelets richly spanned  
Her wrist and little snowy hand.  
She cannot buy a book—no, no ;  
She says her husband is a foe  
To women who go 'round with books ;  
They should be waiting-maids and cooks ;  
He does the buying in the store  
And she buys nothing at the door.  
Two wives who can his fate deplore  
Where church-bells sound upon the shore.

The merchant's home again she sought,  
Where books had been so freely bought ;  
A sable servant at the door  
Led where a friend was found before,  
Through richly decorated halls,  
Where splendor hung upon the walls,  
Into a gorgeous furnished room  
Where flowers exhaled their sweet perfume :  
There sat a woman pale and sad ;  
Her solace seemed a handsome lad ;

Like hers his brow and brilliant eyes ;  
Like her he wept and breathed deep sighs—  
“ Forgive my coming—shall I leave ?  
I too am sad to see you grieve.”

“ Remain. This is a fearful shock,  
More than the wave against the rock ;  
A true friend whispered in my ear  
A story I was loath to hear ;  
My counsel secretly I kept,  
Was vigilant while others slept,  
And when reported far away  
Was searching records night and day :  
No mortal could my fate apprise  
Till witnessed by my ears and eyes—  
I heard them, in their frenzy wild,  
Speak of myself and only child,  
And say ere long they hoped to see  
The spires of grass wave over me ;  
And truly ignorance is bliss  
Compared with knowledge such as this :  
To deaden sorrow’s poignant edge  
I’d leap from yonder mountain ledge,  
And sink beneath a friendly wave  
To bury trouble in the grave,  
Did not my darling child repose  
All trust in me to soothe his woes ;  
My boy a father’s loss must grieve ;  
’Tis sad when dearest friends deceive ;  
My child is worse than orphaned now,  
Disgrace is on his father’s brow ;  
We sorrow o’er the living dead ;  
In unison my heart and head :  
No fragment of a manly heart

Can husband me ; yet, sad to part,  
Truly I said a last farewell :  
But faithful love is hard to quell  
When woman is compelled to fling  
Away her precious marriage ring ;  
Sad memory's bells will often toll  
A dirge to agonize her soul.  
In love, when baffled, it is sweet  
To know we have a safe retreat—  
This house and several more are mine—  
My birthright never would resign  
To one who loitered o'er the wine."

Down in the forest stands a tree,  
A lofty oak of majesty,  
One of the smiling grove is part ;  
Vile worms are knawing at its heart :  
The banes of good society  
Have heart-cores like that dying tree ;  
The fascinating charms they wear,  
Like autumn leaves, are frail and fair.

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#### THE SUPERINTENDENT ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

"Ye railroad men, for death prepare !  
A s     d is hanging by a hair ;  
Our boss is on a high-toned spree,  
Sees wild cats springing from each tree.  
Tweed is a statesman, so is he ;  
Of plunder takes the lion's share—  
The wealth of ocean, earth and air ;  
He helps to make sad panics drear

In winter seasons of the year,  
The bread and fuel scarce and dear  
In humble dwellings of the poor—  
The millions for himself makes sure.  
He freely quaffs the ruby wine,  
He smiles upon a lady fine,  
And swears to throw some men aside  
Down in the river deep and wide ;  
Fierce robbers haunt his dizzy brain,  
Headlong he falls from off the train  
And plunges in the cattle-guard,  
Where Taurus gores his head too hard ;  
The monarch of the herd is fleet,  
Tosses the biped many feet  
Above the bovine in mid air,  
While trembling cattle bawl and stare,  
With nostrils wide and glaring eyes,  
Pawing and lowing with surprise  
At the lorn object in affright,  
That reddens sombre shades of night :  
His raiment fine is covered o'er,  
Deep stained with crimson tides of gore  
From gaping wounds on neck and head  
That look like fiery serpents red ;  
So drunk is he amid the strife  
He seems intent to lose his life ;  
Fierce Taurus tosses him so high,  
Inglorious he tries to die,  
When a bold siren hears him cry :  
Her heart is hard as nether stone,  
But it is startled by his groan ;  
With purpose high to dare and do,  
She swears to save him or die too.  
Never had siren greater need

To save her beau with utmost speed,  
For, should he die, his youthful heir  
Of wealth would get the greater share—  
The railroad bonds, the diamond rings,  
The gold-mine and petroleum springs ;  
To gain such treasures she'd advance  
On Modoc's knife or Arab's lance.  
She rushes in the cattle-guard,  
And proves to be his dear life-guard,  
For he is rich as pirate old,  
That robbed the sea and isles for gold.  
Wherever rang the cattle-bells,  
O'er lofty hills and fertile dells,  
Where daisies and the violets blue  
Along the milkmaid's pathway grew,  
Hear of a gentleman high bred,  
How Taurus almost gored him dead  
When he lay tipsy 'neath the herd  
And helpless as a wingless bird."

Thus spoke a dauntless engineer,  
A sober man, unknown to fear ;  
In this new world of free'st speech  
The news is telegraphed to each,  
And he who guides four thousand men;  
Of him they say, "How, where, and when?"  
If wounds appear upon his face,  
The people trace his gory case,  
And ask, "Did savage beasts of prey  
Sharpen their teeth and try to slay ?  
For life was he compelled to fight  
Upon a dark, terrific night ?  
When Boreas wafted hail and sleet,  
Did he with fierce banditti meet ?

Or did the Arabs beat him hard  
And rob him in the cattle-guard ?  
Did watchmen ring the signal bells  
To waken all the hills and dells ?  
Did policemen, armed *cap-a-pie*,  
Arrest the highway robbery ?”

Nought will the high official hear  
Of lady and the lager beer ;  
Attacks the civil engineer ;  
Tells him at once to quit his place  
Or give a libel in disgrace.  
To terms like these he will not yield  
And hide behind a coward's shield ;  
With head erect, and fearless eyes,  
He lifts the drapery of disguise ;  
Says, “Tyrant, were you beaten hard  
By Taurus in the cattle-guard ?  
To save you came a fearless belle ;  
And of your deeds the people tell  
Sad legends of the deepest dye,  
Enough to make a pagan sigh.  
You tried to banish from the earth  
A Bible precept of great worth,  
For on it peace and health depend—  
Who spurn it, worst of ills attend ;  
Misled you were, like pliant tool,  
And need Bethsaida's healing pool ;  
The moon and stars look sadly down  
On your bad deeds, and nightly frown.  
Of her you now must deign to hear—  
Of her who shed the scalding tear ;  
You chose an heiress for your mate,  
A good girl, though of rich estate,

One of the modest, faithful girls,  
Despite her diamonds, gold, and pearls—  
Her heart and fortune you obtained ;  
She thought for her your love was gained ;  
She prized it more than all her wealth,  
And thought not that you practiced stealth.  
Her form was graceful and erect,  
Without one shadow of defect ;  
Complexion clearest, fresh and bright,  
Painted by nature red and white ;  
Her eyes were of the finest blue,  
Illumed by virtues good and true ;  
About her ruby lips a smile  
Portrayed a spirit free from guile—  
She was a happy, blushing bride,  
As ever gallant stood beside.  
Does he who won her heart and hand  
Know of the spoiler's wand  
That dimmed the lustre of her eyes  
And filled her heart with heavy sighs  
You made her wear a pair of shoes  
That any lady would refuse,  
For they were lined with sickly green,  
In which the verdigris was seen :  
They caused her death. The creeping moss  
Tells to her son a mother's loss ;  
While the strange woman, with her wiles,  
Receives your gold and tender smiles ;  
A harlot wears your dead wife's things,  
Her costly watch and diamond rings :  
No wonder Taurus served you hard  
When you fell in the cattle-guard—  
In pits they fall when Satan's darts  
Have blasted purity in hearts."



You've heard of Josie Mansfield's beau ;  
He brought himself and friends to woe.  
Dim as burned rockets such come down,  
The charred remains of fair renown ;  
And every youth should clearly see  
The wrecks of champagne revelry :  
Whoever will such wrecks defend  
Is old Beelzebub's true friend ;  
He leads the youth to go astray  
Where wine and lust their millions slay ;  
Not one iota does he care  
For any poor wife's dying prayer,  
Though tortured was her heart and brain  
Till nature could no more sustain  
The daggers of corroding grief  
That made her wretched life too brief.

Such wrecks are bad as fiends that fell  
From Heaven into the lowest hell ;  
They try to charm the precious youth  
From virtue and the paths of truth ;  
They tell the youth, " You must not care,  
It is fanatics say beware—  
Who point you to a dying bed,  
And tell you there a poet\* said,  
' Virtue and piety give cheer ;  
Nought else will comfort you when here ;'  
Such sayings of the wise and great  
Let crazy people meditate."  
There is a time to cheat and drink,  
Be merry as a bobolink,  
Enjoy the cream of every joke,  
Your heart and brain in whiskey soak ;

---

\* Sir Walter Scott.

And when they get benumbed and hard  
You may fall in the cattle guard,  
And perish in that loathsome ditch  
Unless you happen to be rich.

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## A LADY ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

A lady of exalted mind  
A lover seeks, wise and refined ;  
Scott's novels, Shakespeare's mirthful plays,  
Sage Milton's high, exalted lays—  
Each standard work of prose and verse  
He must be able to rehearse ;  
Be wiser than the king of yore  
Whose wisdom shines in ancient lore ;  
And beauteous as Apollo be,  
With form of graceful symmetry ;  
Richer than Cræsus, famed of old,  
In silver, diamonds, lands and gold.  
Blind Cupid her and suitor led  
Blind to the altar. They were wed.  
Alas, alas ! the honey-moon  
For this rare couple waned too soon !  
Horror of horrors ! when too late  
She wakes to see her ill-starred fate !  
Too soon she sees her beau ideal  
Of wealth and wisdom is not real ;  
Wild wrings her hands and tears her hair,  
Her poor, dull husband cannot bear.  
She to the silver moon complains  
Of empty purse and meagre brains ;  
Moon whispers, " Get a pipe and smoke  
To ease your tight Hymeneal yoke."

She smokes, and curling fumes arise  
Veiling in blue her squinting eyes ;  
Holds in her fingers loose her pipe :  
She spits—with hand her lips doth wipe ;  
When murky grown the atmosphere  
She chews to give it time to clear ;  
She smokes, and spits tobacco juice ;  
She chews and spits very profuse,  
And thus her home keeps brown and sear,  
Like dying autumn, all the year.  
She, too, grows brown and dull.—of late  
Tobacco fails to stimulate ;  
A little wine, she thinks, perchance,  
Tobacco's sparkle may enhance ;  
And, still more vigor to supply,  
A little brandy thinks she'll try.  
Harder she smokes and chews and drinks,  
Till on the floor senseless she sinks.  
“ Who'll live with this poor drunken sot ? ”  
Her husband asks—swears he will not,  
But opens the door and kicks her out !  
“ And served her right ! ” hear that man shout ;  
Why, just as she did you now are doing ;  
You smoke strong first, then take to chewing,  
Then tippie just a little wine,  
Grow lively, feel a little fine ;  
Then whiskey, gin, and brandy drink—  
Behold, from man to brute you sink ;  
Ambition's dormant in your hardened brain ;  
Indifferent equal to your loss or gain,  
Labor lies stupid in your trembling hands,  
Refusing the supplies nature demands ;  
While sloth you hug on straw upon the floor,  
Poverty walks in your broken, half-hinged door ;

By hunger pinched, you rush into the street,  
Murder and rob whom first you chance to meet;  
Justice, outraged, is close upon your heel,  
The hangman's rope around your neck you feel;  
Your wife and babes for very hunger cry,  
Turned helpless in the street, lie down and die.  
Such is the disenchantment drear,  
Of whiskey, gin, and lager beer.

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## THE ENGINEER ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The engine shone in the morning sun ;  
The engineer was a skillful one ;  
The cars were filling with precious freight  
To journey through a western State ;  
There beauteous maidens, fair and bright,  
Charming with smiles of pure delight ;  
Fine matrons of maturer years,  
Brave youth and gallant cavaliers,  
And sober age with locks of gray,  
All ready for a gala day.  
The engine runs at a rapid rate—  
For no crimson signal deigns to wait—  
Onward it thunders o'er the track ;  
Of steam, high pressure, there's no lack ;  
Its red eye glares with deadly wrath  
On breakers 'neath the mountain path ;  
The down train nears this fatal shore—  
There's a horrid crash and a dismal roar !  
The engine's in fragments over the ledge !  
People are flung in the river's deep edge !  
Cars are in splinters, blood-dyed the ground !

Dead, maimed and dying lie scattered around!  
Heart-rending shrieks and groans of despair!  
Men, women and children are perishing there.  
'Twas the work of a skillful engineer,  
Whose head was too full of brandy and beer.

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A SPRUCE YOUNG MAN ON A HIGH-TONED  
SPREE.

A spruce young man, in love so deep,  
That he could neither eat nor sleep,  
Sent forth a missive to declare  
Platonic love unto his fair.  
To Mary he addressed his lay,  
The Mary loved of school-boy day.  
Quoth he, "In sunny eastern climes  
Beaux seldom string their love in rhymes,  
But hasten to choice floral bowers  
And gather sweetest-scented flowers—  
Bouquets send, moist with honey-dew,  
For symbols of affection true:  
Not all the flowers on hill and dell  
To you, my love, can one-half tell—  
Your ruby lips, your auburn hair,  
Your features delicate and fair,  
Your dimpled chin, your hazel eyes,  
Your heart quick answering others' sighs,  
Your beautiful—your queenly face,  
Your sprightly step, your winning grace—  
Bewitching charms—all, all conspire  
To set my ardent heart on fire.  
I fought beneath the stripes and stars,  
Beside the valiant sons of Mars;

The rocket's glare, the cannon's roar,  
But made me think on you the more;  
Your image haunts me day and night—  
Awake, asleep, you're in my sight;  
O, Cupid plunged a fatal dart—  
An arrow barbed—deep in this heart!  
My bride will you consent to be?  
Now promise, do, to come with me  
To Dixie, where cold winds and snow  
Around our palace never blow,  
But orange and fig trees in flower  
Our porches all the year embower;  
The roses, the sweet eglantine,  
Our doors and windows close entwine;  
And on our paths fall deepest shade,  
By the tall dark palmetto made,—  
O say, my love, that you'll be mine!  
My heart and hand are doubly thine."

The lady could not hear his suit;  
She heard another lover's lute;  
Told him, emphatically, no, no!  
He could not be her favorite beau.  
Still more emphatic he replied—  
"I'll not see thee another's bride,  
I'll first commit a suicide!  
No sleepy lotus nor heartsease  
Can troubled soul like mine appease;  
For you, the myrtle and wild rose  
Will soon upon my grave repose."  
And what of him does she next hear?  
He's drowned himself in lager beer.  
And most authentic gossips say  
A barrel of beer is made this way:

With a beef's head to color bright,  
And two old boot's to flavor right;  
A bar of soap to make it foam  
Like mineral springs where sick folks roam—  
In this delicious, rich compound,  
An antidote for love he found.

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A CREDIT-MOBILIER SENATOR ON A HIGH-  
TONED SPREE.

A senator the people call,  
To sit in their great National Hall,  
To labor for their country's weal—  
Its strong young arm the world make feel—  
Its finance, commerce, shipping place  
On widest, firmest, safest base.  
His schemes, late narrowed, legislates  
Less for the whole than petty States,  
Less for the States than little self—  
'The point is reached, he grasps the pelf.

'Tis midnight in the Senate's bar;  
No ray of moonlight nor of star  
Can penetrate the basement low,  
Where merry spirits ceaseless flow—  
Hermetically the door is sealed—  
The secret must not be revealed  
Where stealthy wise men form a ring:  
About to do a splendid thing,  
They each to each pledge heart and hand  
To build a railroad through the land,  
From western to the eastern shore,  
And pay themselves but two times more

Than the Pacific Road will cost,  
For it's exposed to storms and frost,  
And these will e'en wrought iron wear  
And best equipments oft impair.

The Government all debts will pay,  
"We'll take its bonds," they firmly say,  
"Also the company's private loan,  
Then the first mortgage is our own  
On all the railroad property  
That we can grasp from sea to sea."  
They cheerily drink each others' health  
And talk of countless stores of wealth,  
Of millions made in one brief hour  
By means of legislative power.

To cover up this retrograding,  
Thus save themselves a just upbraiding,  
A veil fallacious weave for it,  
The which to deck with sprigs of wit  
They need must clear each cloudy brain  
With whiskey, brandy, and champagne,  
Down in the Senate's handsome bar  
With forty millions over par.

Good Socrates hemlock would drink  
Rather than like these statesmen think,  
Who make poor people work and sweat,  
Taxed with a heavy, unjust debt;  
While senators can sleep and dream  
Of the powerful motor, steam.

Brave Washington no deeds would do  
But patriotic, just and true;  
Pure, noble thoughts his mind inspired;



No filthy lucre he desired,  
Down in the Senate's handsome bar,  
With forty millions over par.

---

#### THE DOCTOR ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The doctor's called at break of day,  
To see a patient far away;  
Urgent the case—he must not wait—  
A moment lost he'll be too late.  
Gin does he take?—helps him allay  
These dangerous fevers, does he say?  
Alas, it agitates his brain!  
Has made him partially insane!  
He does not save, but takes the life  
Of his poor patient; not with knife,  
But strychnine, given for soothing pill!  
The secret's his—hands in his bill.  
Thus he, by murdering, money made.  
The claim thought just, being promptly paid,  
It is no less the truth, yet still  
He, helped by rum, the ward did kill,  
Is murderer of a deeper hue  
Than he who gets the assassin's due;  
And more deserves the felon's grave,  
For he took life he's paid to save.

---

#### THE CAPTAIN ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The captain on the dark blue sea,  
Far from his home and family,  
No crystal stream sees bright and clear,

No purling fount salutes his ear,  
Sees no green fields nor blooming flowers  
To cheer his weary, lonely hours.  
“What can,” he asks, “make full amends  
For loss of these familiar friends?  
A little gin suppose I sip.”  
He does, at first with dainty lip;  
Soon more he craves—yes, does require.  
“Fire! fire! here! here! the ship’s on fire!”  
Where are the men? Half drunk on deck!  
Too late they rouse to save from wreck—  
They’re plunged beneath the briny deep  
Where whales and sharks their vigils keep.

---

## THE GENERAL ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The general on the battle-plain,  
Amid the wounded and the slain,  
Where bullets fly, six-pounders whiz,  
About his unprotected phiz,  
A little stimulant doth crave,  
His sense to blunt, forebodings save.  
The officers, being served the first,  
From privates steal to quench their thirst;  
Each following day a little more  
They need than did the day before;  
Hence, in a tent together cosey,  
Are sometimes found a little boosy—  
The foe, close watching for this chance,  
Rush in, unchecked by sword or lance;  
Ten thousand prisoners are taken,  
Locked up in pens to starve forsaken.

## THE FARMER ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The farmer, with his hired hands,  
Who at his post at all times stands,  
Is fully paid, the sequel shows,  
For all the labor he bestows.  
On numerous hills his cattle bawl,  
His horses neigh in many a stall;  
His kids and goats, and lambs and sheep,  
In flocks climb up the mountain steep;  
The gabbling geese swim in the brook,  
The busy ducks have quagmire took;  
The Suffolk pigs snore in their pens,  
And in their house cluck Spanish hens,  
Before the door the roosters squabble,  
The turkeys strut and fret and gobble,  
The peacock spreads its gorgeous tail,  
The Guinea hens side up asail—  
At eve these give a concert free,  
For luck, a sort of modest plea.  
His waving fields of corn and rye  
Foretell abundant harvest nigh;  
Meadows and clover-fields in bloom  
Fill every nook with sweet perfume.  
His men must do their work in time,  
Must scatter plaster, ashes, lime;  
A time to plough and plant the seed;  
The animals to house and feed;  
A time to prune the shrubs and vine,  
And make with care the ruby wine;  
A time to plant the orchard trees,  
A time to hive the honey bees:  
And all this complicated muss  
Was managed without jar or fuss,

Till, on a luckless sultry day,  
The men all struck in midst of hay;  
Swore they'd have rum or work would not,  
The hay might lie there first and rot;  
On ricks and teams, and half-built stacks,  
They resolutely turned their backs.  
A storm was evidently brewing;  
This work the men must needs be doing;  
The boss, therefore, the rum straight got,  
And in one year became a sot.  
Untiring care, the wondrous charm,  
That made his own the model farm,  
Lies listless now—is near defunct—  
The place in ruins, master drunk:  
His cows and horses look as spare  
As Tam o' Shanter's luckless mare;  
His Spanish hens and chanticleer  
Wear drooping feathers all the year;  
Their watchful eyes no cereals spy—  
Down in the hen-roost gasp and die;  
His kids and goats, and lambs and sheep,  
No more climb up the mountain steep,  
They die along the scanty vale,  
Where crows and hawks but feign regale:  
Such are the many uncouth charms  
Where Agricola spreeds and farms.

---

## THE ORATOR ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The Orator who would be merry  
Must have his cognac, port and sherry;  
They charm his mind with strange delights,  
Resplendent as the Northern Lights.

It is the fine effects of rum  
That make the merry dancers come  
Waving and streaming through his brain:  
They are a fascinating train;  
They marshal forth the Attic wit  
With which he makes the lucky hit  
That gains applauses long and loud  
From the appreciating crowd;  
He shines like the South Sea on fire  
When its refulgent fish respire  
Upon its surface in the night,  
When whiskey makes his genius bright;  
But ah! when whiskey makes it dim,  
He thinks a boa coils round him!  
The splendid man is brought to grief,  
He trembles like an aspen leaf;  
He scatters greenbacks in the street,  
Calls on the dogs to come and eat;  
And says his wife runs him in debt—  
She spends all money he can get.

---

#### THE MINER ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The miner in dark caverns deep,  
Where daylight has no chance to peep,—  
Where midnight darkness, damp and gloom,  
Conspire to make a living tomb,—  
For treasures of intrinsic worth  
Delves in the bowels of the earth.  
“In faith,” says Pat, “nor I’ll explore  
This spooky hole for boss’s ore  
Without a drop of the good cr’ature  
To keep from spoiling my good nature.”

The boss supplies the cheery friend  
Pat's daily labors to attend.  
He delves down to the shining ore  
For which he left Killarney's shore;  
He gazes on the massive pile,  
And thinks upon the Emerald Isle;  
Also he thinks upon a spree,  
Judging from his soliloquy—  
"I love the North, the South, the West,  
But gold, fine gold, I love the best,  
For it will let a man recline  
Beneath his own fig tree and vine;  
And it will buy rum, gin and beer  
On every day throughout the year;  
In sight of El Dorado's wealth  
I'll drink my native country's health."  
He does, and hurries from the mine  
To celebrate in pure sunshine;  
The largest rock upon the hill  
With powder he proceeds to fill,  
Upon it takes a desperate stand  
In honor of his fatherland,  
Extends the fatal burning brand;  
Of fear and danger unaware,  
He and the rock fly in the air;  
Too soon his wife and children mourn  
Over his mangled, lifeless form.

---

#### THE MASON ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The mason on his high brick wall,  
In danger of a fatal fall,  
Looks wistful round for something meet

To equipoise his head and feet.  
 "Ah, what can steady feet and brain  
 Like whiskey from nutritious grain?"  
 He drinks, and worships Terpsichore  
 On his imagined ball-room floor;  
 He dances like a fairy queen,  
 And sings of nymphs on woodlands green;  
 Dizzy, more dizzy grows his head  
 Till down he falls—is picked up dead!

---

### THE BACHELOR ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

Alone the bachelor on life's shore,  
 With none to his misdeeds deplore;  
 No loving girl his heart can reach,  
 It is a fortress barred from each;  
 No charming wife, with frugal care,  
 His threadbare raiment to repair;  
 Late every night may spree or roam;  
 No dear companion sings at home  
 "Days of absence sad and dreary"  
 Till her voice grows faint and weary;  
 Through his lone rooms the rude storms howl,  
 Securely roost the bat and owl;  
 Hundreds of spiders o'er his head  
 Dangle and weave their complex thread;  
 The golden robin takes his vest  
 To make herself a cosey nest;  
 Through broken doors and window panes  
 Pour in the heavy, driving rains—  
 The winged winds and dirges moan  
 O'er gruff old Cœlebs there alone.  
 O, Solitude, upon thy face,

Where are the charms that sages trace?  
Lo Solitude thus curt replies:  
" Plain are my charms to sinners' eyes;  
The bachelor, far from Cupid's darts,  
Calls me the charming Queen of Hearts,  
Who ne'er will feel myself disgraced  
However low he fall debased,  
Nor chide him by my slow decline  
As daily he gulps gin and wine;  
These are the charms his mind inspire  
With ardor warm as Grecian fire."

---

#### THE ANGRY MAN ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

A man, in station and in years,  
Gets so enraged at what he hears  
Of breachy horse and starving cow,  
He stirs up an old-fashioned row,—  
Vengeance is his, he swears and raves,  
Who dare oppose fall in their graves!  
His family frightened, step aside,  
And give him sea-room deep and wide;  
His passion must have vent somewhere—  
To the tavern see him tear!  
He's having now a high-toned spree,  
Grows lively as a bumble bee,  
Strikes right and left, at bond and free:  
They do not turn the other cheek,  
And blandly smile and softly speak;  
One bangs his eyes till black and blue,  
And gives his cheek a sombre hue;  
One knocks a dimple in his chin  
And from his forehead tears the skin;



Another bites his Roman nose;  
Another treads on his sore toes,  
And tears in tatters his new clothes;  
Dick breaks his pugilistic arm—  
“Murder!” he screams, in wild alarm;  
The landlord like a pirate swears,  
And kicks him down a flight of stairs;  
He raises such a hue and cry,  
The police come in to see him die,  
And drag him o’er the stone-paved street,  
Regardless of his head or feet,  
And throw him in a swinish pen,  
Far from the haunts of decent men.  
’Twas all for anger, not for weal,  
That he went through this sore ordeal;  
Guilty he looked as blood-stained hound  
Among the slaughtered lambkins found;  
Yet no confessions had to make,  
His wife on her the blame must take:  
He tells her: “It is all your fault  
That I’m thus black and blind and halt;  
Your fault that I get broken bones  
And fall headlong o’er stumps and stones;  
Your fault that in the ditch I mire,  
Your fault my pipe sets me on fire;  
Your fault I have an empty purse,  
Your fault I drink and swear and curse.  
You left me in a filthy sty,  
Among the pigs to root or die!  
Repent! I’ll surely take your life  
With rifle, dirk, or scalping knife!”  
This foul abuse she must endure,  
Apply the balm her lord to cure—  
Her brave, defeated pugilist!

Ah, lost its cunning has his fist,  
Yet, armed with rum to do and dare,  
Combative as a grizzly bear,  
He fiercer grows, gets harder banged.  
Ought he, his host, or both be hanged?  
His wife there dead, they barbarous slew,  
Her heart's blood drop by drop harsh drew;  
Then straightway from her new-made grave  
Down to the tavern drink and rave.  
And where's the law that dares demand  
A rope to hang this murderous band?

---

THE JEALOUS MAN ON A HIGH-TONED  
SPREE.

When Sirius rises with the sun,  
A fiery course they madly run—  
Make sultry the long summer days,  
Old men unnerve and watch-dogs craze—  
Refreshing then the cooling shade  
By widespread oak and maple made,  
Beside the purling meadow stream,  
Where burning sunbeams scarce can gleam;  
To this retreat see Ephraim stray  
This Sunday morn, truant to play;  
“Unto his idols he is joined,”  
From him they cannot be purloined;  
Around him whites and blacks close crowd—  
His hired men—discussing loud  
Fine points of his domestic birds,  
Or better-blooded flocks and herds,  
Unmindful of their Lord's command  
To in his house this day meek stand,

Their sins confess and ask forgiven,  
Through Christ, who this way leads to Heaven.  
Ephraim thus checkered makes the life  
Of his true, patient, faithful wife.  
She loves the house where Christians meet—  
To reach it wades through dust and heat,  
And joins with them in prayer and praise.  
Her heart grows warm—is all ablaze;  
She lists to words of wisdom pure,  
Life's conflicts strong make to endure;  
Deep sighs for loved ones far astray  
From God's blest house and care this day,  
Who worship flocks and herds, they say,  
While for them good men weep and pray.  
The service o'er, it was her mode  
Back home to trudge the lengthy road;  
This time, up drives a worthy squire,  
Who to high office does aspire,  
Hence puts on office-seekers' airs,  
Though fitting bad still flaunting wears.  
He, bowing low, asks, "Will you ride?  
I've ample room, here by my side."  
She, glad, accepts the vacant place;  
He helps her in with awkward grace,  
Then grandly drives up close before  
Old Ephraim's open front-hall door;  
Out rushes Ephraim, screams in wrath,  
"Next time, my lark, you'll foot the path!"

Poor Ephraim! green-eyed Jealousy  
Close as thy shadow follows thee;  
Thy fancied wrongs move thee to bury  
Deep in intoxicating sherry.  
While all the town lie wrapped in sleep,

Ephraim's poor wife and children weep;  
They feel and see that black disgrace  
Deep stamped upon his bloated face;  
Must read this sad truth, plainly writ  
By this deep sleep—a drunken fit!  
Who'll rouse him from his torpid state?  
His well-drilled men for orders wait.

The darkies are in highest glee,  
Glad celebrating "massa's" spree;  
"See, Cuff, massa's a gemmen true;  
No 'sputin' dat dere bery few  
Dat him can hold de candle to;  
Dis tamborine, nor fiddle bow,  
If screamin' biggest notes ob woe,  
And all de fire-bells mine to ring,  
And loudest songs we mine to sing,  
And all de neighbor's dogs loud yelp,  
And all de cryin' babies help,  
And wild tornadoes roun' him blow,  
And earthquakes toss him too an' fro,  
And merry niggas shout an' dance,  
Ole massa in such orful trance  
He sleep through all dar on de floor—  
He no wake—you mine dat snore?  
'Tis louder den Niagara's roar!"

Too true is this that Sambo said—  
Wake him, then you can raise the dead;  
And should his wife to rank aspire  
She might elope with knight or 'squire;  
Robbers might come to steal his wealth,  
Gypsies his children take by stealth,  
Incendiaries his buildings burn,

Houseless in the street him turn,  
And he, poor sleeping, loathsome sot,  
In whiskey's dreamland, know it not.  
But sudden ends this long repose;  
See nervous curl his bloody nose,  
His brow turn pale, lips open square;  
His sickish grin, besotted stare;  
His gaping mouth, his heaving chest—  
The image of a fiend distressed:  
Together now clash hands and knees—  
The climax's reached of his disease;  
Far, far the boiling whiskey flies  
From wide stretched mouth and nose and eyes;  
He like a small volcano seems,  
From its wide crater belching streams  
Of lava hot!—A short, hoarse sigh—  
Another stream flies far and high!  
A longer lull, a short repose,  
Quiet his nerves from crown to toes;  
Old Ephraim is alive again  
To curse his wife and hired men.

This trouble quietly she bears,  
Which like a rasp her heart slow wears,)   
When, all worn out, she meekly dies;  
Inside a splendid coffin lies.  
Upon the sable, polished bier,  
He sheds the crocodile's feigned tear;  
A costly marble by her head  
Commemorates the sainted dead;  
On it the deep-carved letters say  
Consumption wore her life away;  
This epitaph the truth will tell,—  
By husband's murderous hand she fell!

Troubles are sharp as keen-edged steel;  
They make deep wounds that never heal;  
They're sure as trusty arrows sped  
To throw their victims with the dead;  
They, like the Inquisition rack,  
Tight pinion hands and head and back;  
Like executioners cool, tell  
The body bid the soul farewell,  
Together they must cease to dwell;  
No truce is given, it shall and must  
Commingle early with the dust.

---

AUNT JEMIMA'S NEPHEW ON A HIGH-TONED  
SPREE.

A husband once, his family's sovereign,  
These rules laid down his wife to govern:  
"My Aunt Jemima, perfect pattern,  
You must do like—be such a matron.  
My Aunt Jemima spins and weaves,  
And oft the men from chores relieves;  
The music of the wheel and loom  
Her spirit cheers, frees her from gloom;  
She scrubs and dusts and wields the broom,  
And thus her cheeks wear youth's fresh bloom;  
She washes, patches, bakes and brews,  
Thus has no time for fits of blues;  
In all things can economize;  
And, like the woman counted wise,  
At home remains—never her feet  
Turn idly up and down the street;  
She rises early, sits up late,

Her family's garments all to make.  
Like her, too, you must estimate  
The cost of silks, of China, plate;  
Let calico for you suffice,—  
Soft, modest colors, neat and nice;  
Buy dishes of the coarsest ware,  
For breakage will cost less to repair;  
Get carpets cheap, of single ply,—  
Why costlier lose by the moth-fly?  
Let furniture be pine and oak,  
Without the workman's polished stroke;  
Pictures and paintings never buy—  
They're useless—merely please the eye.  
Like Aunt Jemima, take good care  
Of health—choose plain, 'tis wholesome fare;  
Coffee and tea unstring the nerves,  
Cold water as quietus serves:  
With busy hands and frugal care  
We'll gain support, have none to spare."

She listens to her liege lord's say,  
Then like Jemima works away;  
Goes to the store but once a year,  
Sees things she wants but finds them dear,  
Shoddy and other cheap refuse  
Must therefore answer for her use.  
Habits once formed and practiced long  
Can scarce be broke, they've grown so strong,  
Hence it became this dame's delight  
To make and save both day and night;  
And never did she lack for work—  
Her husband, seeing she was no shirk,  
New lessons every day did teach.  
Do such practice what they preach?

He kept late hours she was aware,  
Yet framed excuses she deemed fair:  
He waited till his grist was done—  
Slow were the miller and his son ;  
He waited to collect a debt,  
Waited to have a horse-shoe set;  
Sometimes he had a boot to mend;  
Again he waited for a friend ;  
He waited for the clover-seed,  
And for old boss to sign a deed ;  
He tried and tried to get a hand  
To ditch and drain his swampy land ;  
He waited for the cars to come,  
And for the stage, but *never* for rum.  
Down town he waited thus for years ;  
His wife for this, though, shed no tears,  
Not dreaming of his dissipation,—  
Yea, thought him soberest in the nation,  
Until a mortgage came to sign,  
The truth then flashed that gin and wine  
Had taken all the finest wheat,  
While oatmeal served for her to eat—  
While she had planned and starved and slaved  
Her lord drank all she'd earned and saved !  
Economize, economize,  
Ye busy, trusting, faithful wives ;  
You earn the millions every year  
Your husbands spend in smoke and beer.

---

## THE LANDLORD ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

An artist, in a small hotel,  
Among the fierce banditti fell ;



The landlord chokes him black and blue  
And knocks his pearly teeth out too.  
Not satisfied with this conquest,  
The landlord would behead his guest—  
Strikes with a golden-headed cane,  
Fractures his skull and cracks his brain,  
Then kicks and clubs his ribs in twain.  
The artist, vanquished, weak and sore,  
Lies prostrate by the broken door:  
Something now moves the landlord's heart  
More tender mercies to impart;  
A shower of water-cure he tries;  
The hapless victim faintly sighs;  
Then, gasping, bleeding and forlorn,  
The clever landlord has him borne  
Down to the barn to lie on hay,  
Where cattle bawl and horses neigh.

O'erjoyed with prowess he's displayed,  
The landlord gets upon a raid;  
He drinks brandy, port and sherry,  
Laughs and cries, he is so merry;  
Sings sacred songs and says his prayers,  
Then like a maniac raves and swears:  
Blue devils are his lofty theme,  
At them he howls like panther's scream:  
"Avaunt, blue devils!" hear him cry;  
"Begone, ye brimstone imps!—fly! fly!  
How dare you bring a coffin black  
To put me in, ye menial pack?  
How dare you bring a gallows nigh  
To strangle me with your necktie?  
I never, never told a lie;  
No sinners in this house of mine;

I keep the best of ruby wine;  
It is the grape's pure soul refined  
That makes me honest, wise and kind.  
A coffin black and gallows there!  
Sulphurous acid in the air!  
What can this hapless mortal do?  
I'm pierced by pitchforks through and through!  
I'm crushed by anaconda snake,  
And plunged into the fiery lake!  
I cannot die, my life will last  
In burning flames of brimstone vast!  
O, bring a fountain, spring or well  
Down through the burning gate of Hell,  
Where mad Cerberus barks and howls,  
And with ten hundred heads fierce growls!"  
Infernal visions haunt his sight;  
He makes hideous day and night;  
Gnashes his teeth and tears his hair;  
Bad whiskey's virus must be there;  
The strychnine and the poison lead  
And Prussian blue are in his head;  
These banes he sells, and they destroy  
The upright man and agile boy.  
Morphine is plunged into his veins  
To cure his alcoholic pains:  
No morphine will he find in Hell,  
Where myriads of blue devils dwell.

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### THE MARRIED DRUNKARD ON A HIGH TONED SPREE.

The married drunkard thinks that he  
Lives with a raging Xanthippe;

She says, in accents soft and faint,  
"My dear, to you I bring complaint;  
Why will you stay away so late?  
The nightingale sings to its mate,  
While I am doomed alone to wait;  
I look and listen oft for you  
While turtle-doves their love-notes coo;  
It seems that every sound I hear  
Must be your footsteps drawing near,—  
'Tis but a web that fancy weaves,  
A moment lulls, and then deceives  
The aching heart and throbbing brain,  
Convulsed with agonizing pain;  
The rustling leaves, the birds and flowers,  
Deride my weary, waiting hours.  
'Tis said that idle loafers stay  
Around the bar till break of day;  
And can it be you stay with those  
Who go in debt for bread and clothes;  
Who treat their money all away,  
Or lose it dissipating gay,  
Then borrow more they never pay,  
While ploughshares rust in weedy fields  
And scores of debts dog at their heels?  
Say, darling, say in accents true,  
Such deeds are never done by you!"  
The tears pour down her cheeks like rain;  
She loves too well, but loves in vain;  
Her pallid cheeks, her tearful eyes,  
Her slender form her deep-drawn sighs,  
Sneered at by him, as day by day  
'Mid poverty she pines away.  
Her hopes have prematurely set  
In a great cloud of deepest jet;

Her life s a dead-march, sad and low,  
She breathes the heavy notes of woe.  
And she was once a precious child,  
On whom kind, gentle parents smiled;  
A happy home was hers, where light  
Of household fires gleamed warm and bright;  
True friends were hers on every side,  
When this wine-bibber sought his bride;  
He signed the pledge to gain her hand,  
And vowed with temperance men to stand;  
Upon the Holy Bible swore  
He would imbibe strong drink no more,  
And told her there was joy in Heaven  
O'er him, a sinner late forgiven,  
Ere she would listen to his plea  
Of faithful love and unity;  
His courtship vows all seemed so pure  
She thought they surely must endure;  
Alas for her! they proved untrue,  
And vanished like the morning dew.

Proud man, he will not bear reproof,  
And swears from it to keep aloof;  
Says he will stay out later still  
And never yield to woman's will;  
She is the source of all his woes,  
And he is troubled more than those  
Who wear their fatal gallows-clothes;  
Hymen has plunged him deep in grief,  
He turns from home to seek relief,  
Tells o'er and o'er his mournful tale,  
Why he drinks whiskey, gin and ale.  
Bacchus gives him an ivy crown;  
Tells him on sighs and tears to frown;

To be as wild as northern loon  
And witty as a gay buffoon;  
To drink and swear the livelong day,  
Regardless of what women say.  
Such counsel sage, sage man did hear;  
Drank barrels of ale and lager beer;  
Frequented bar-rooms night and day,  
Oft times in state within them lay;  
Wakes up in frenzy, sees too late  
The horrors of a drunkard's fate;  
"Snakes! snakes!" he screams, in wild affright;  
"The serpents hiss and try to bite!  
I'm in the viper's poison den—  
Oh! ne'er can I get out again!  
The adder, with its flattened head,  
Will number me among the dead!  
The black snake shows its great respect  
By coiling tight around my neck!  
The rattlesnake comes, sure and slow,  
To aim at me a deadly blow,—  
Nearer and nearer come its fangs—  
A fatal stroke!—I feel death's pangs!  
Mad dogs, mad dogs around me roam!  
Hear—hear their snap and see them foam!  
Once more I'm from these monsters free,  
Must have cognac, port and sherry!  
Oh! there's a panther in that tree!  
Alas, alas! I'm doomed to share  
The fury of a wild cat's lair!  
Around me fierce hyenas prowl,  
And hungry wolves chase me and growl;  
That tiger comes to make a leap;  
Lions o'er me their vigils keep;  
There comes a bear robbed of its whelp!—

A reign of terror this—help ! help !  
The fiends are here—they wrap me tight  
In sable curtains of midnight !  
The panthers growl, the lions roar—  
This is a very dangerous shore !  
Bring pistols, swords and bowie knives !  
Help me to take these demons' lives !”

He makes night hideous, moans and sighs,  
With *delirium tremens* cries ;  
*Tremens* of wild, profane abuse—  
The worst of passions are let loose ;  
*Tremens* that aim the sharpened steel  
At life, yet no contrition feel ;  
*Tremens* that sneer at wholesome law,  
*Tremens* that crouch on hay and straw  
Where many impure vapors stray,  
Where the forked lightning makes its way,  
Where barns are burned down to the ground ;  
Yet bar-room *tremens* fierce abound,—  
Exist they will, cannot expire,—  
They'll live through Hell's intensest fire !

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#### THE SCHOOL TEACHER ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

The school-house stands upon a hill,  
And near it winds a purling rill ;  
The wild briar and frail touch-me-not,  
And nightshade deck this rural spot ;  
O'er it preside two strange trustees,  
Who harp on great men's frailties.  
They say the Sage of Marshfield plead

Wisely with whiskey in his head ;  
And Garrick, on a high-toned spree,  
Was drunk as any man could be ;  
Hence smart men all should drink port wine  
To make them think and act sublime.”  
They never say Sam Patch could leap  
Over Niagara’s awful steep ;  
But when upon a high-toned spree  
He could not leap the Genesee,  
His agile form sank down like lead—  
He slept within the river’s bed.

To them once strolled a high-learned man,  
To get their school was his shrewd plan ;  
He showed them his credentials fair  
Of scholarship and virtues rare ;  
They liked his looks and silvery voice,  
He was the man to suit their choice ;  
Politely he crossed o’er the sill  
Into the school-house on the hill.  
The pupils liked their teacher’s style—  
Instead of frowns he wore a smile ;  
Science and language well he taught,  
The welfare of his pupils sought ;  
And well-pleased patrons harped with joy  
O’er progress of each girl and boy ;  
So well they learned to read and write,  
To cipher and to be polite,  
E’en those who were but drones before  
Now tried to delve in classic lore.  
The teacher’s fame like wildfire spread ;  
The trustees’ blessing crowned his head ;  
Exultingly they often said,  
“ He knows just how to teach and plan,

And is a live, progressive man ;  
Good order reigns upon the hill,  
They are submissive to his will."

Success 'round him its halo spread,  
And hurt his wise, capacious head ;  
Soon from the academic grove  
His weary footsteps loved to rove ;  
And he complained of many ills,  
Of fever and tormenting chills ;  
To cure them was obliged to take  
Mint juleps for his stomach's sake.  
He brought a bottle o'er the sill,  
Into the school-house on the hill,  
Then danced a jig, and acted queer  
As if he'd quaffed a keg of beer ;  
The pupils stared in wild surprise,  
And a six-shooter met their eyes ;  
He shouted : " Quiet in this room,  
Or you will meet your final doom !  
I'll shoot the first who dares to look  
On anything but his own book !"   
It was a moment filled with dread,  
But, just one boy dare lift his head :  
With steadfast eyes and cautious feet  
He hurries where the dangers meet,  
Wrenches the pistol from his hand,  
Then quickly issues this command :  
" Come, all you large boys, hurry here,  
We shall not die with mortal fear ;  
Bill Jones and Dick, like pacers fleet,  
Come, pinion this poor madman's feet ;  
Here, Jim and Jake, hold in a vice  
His soft, white hands, and keep them nice ;



You take my place, Tom Brown and Ned,  
And softly pillow neck and head."  
All safe, the leader of the clan  
Addressed the savage, drunken man :  
Your locks, like Samson's, must be shorn  
For punishment, so high you've borne ;  
And you must lose your nice moustache  
For making such a brilliant dash ;  
Black ink for perfume and for soap,  
For fetters here's the jumping-rope ;  
We'll bring the trustees o'er the sill  
To see their teacher on the hill."

The champion straightway is obeyed,  
Inside the trustees soon parade,  
And each one wears a sullen brow,  
And asks, " What is the matter now ?  
What villain raised this dreadful row ?  
What scapegrace cut the teacher's hair ?  
What jail-bird tied him in that chair ?  
Who dared to black his hands and face  
And bring a good man to disgrace ?  
You striplings shine, and with such rays  
As set the midnight riot in a blaze !  
You're worse than caterpillars in the trees,  
Thathang by threads and dangle in the breeze !"

A bright-eyed boy the truth could tell,  
On whom their keen-edged censure fell ;  
Said, " Wise trustees, just deign to hear  
Why these sad scenes to you appear.  
Our teacher, on a wild-goose chase,  
Fell down and bruised his nose and face ;  
Harangued the people on the street ;  
Fought, and was trampled under feet—

Nails and boot-heels went through his vest  
And left their signet on his chest,  
Down in the bar-rooms, sloughs and drains,  
With bad rum in his feverish veins,  
Emerges from a Stygian pool,  
Well qualified to teach a school—  
Reeking with fresh, infernal wounds—  
Bends twigs on academic grounds ;  
His midnight orgies being o'er,  
He comes to teach us precious lore ;  
Says, ' Look not on the ruby wine,  
Though goblets and decanters shine ;  
Take not the poison fluid red  
Into the happy youthful head,  
For, like an adder, it will sting,  
And, like a serpent, anguish bring ;  
Avoid the luring paths of sin,  
Let not your footsteps go therein,  
Or black remorse will surely prey  
Upon your happiness away.'  
His precepts are correct to teach,  
But his examples we impeach ;  
When drunk he's like a sail unfurled,  
Shows rents and patches to the world ;  
His morals languish while we learn,  
And this is our heartfelt concern ;  
Say, should we fool our time away  
Till sunset of our latest day ?  
Say, would you place a putrid sheep  
Where your sound, wholesome lambkins keep ?  
Say, would you let a glandered steed  
Eat where your fine young horses feed ?  
Say, would you bring a smallpox case  
And in the school-room careless place ?

Intemperance is a worse disease,  
And more contagious far than these !  
It is a deadly gangrene sore,  
Yearly infecting more and more,  
Who turn to vermin and infest  
The homes which they once loved and blest.”  
That teacher ne’er re-crossed the sill  
Of the white school house on the hill.

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• THE LAWYER ON A HIGH-TONED SPREE.

For justice does the plaintiff sue ?  
Engage an able lawyer too,  
To polish lies till they appear  
Like diamonds of first water clear ?  
Just hear him in his earnest plea  
To make the jurymen all see  
That white is black and black is white,  
That right is wrong and wrong is right,  
That truth’s a lie, a lie is bright,  
That crime is but a slight mistake  
Which all are liable to make.  
His courtesy somewhat to blunt  
Before he offers this affront  
To should-be wise and honest men,  
A small glass takes, then nine or ten ;  
These exercise his vengeful wrath,  
And place him on a wild war-path ;  
With brace of pistols, sword and dirk,  
Prepared to do a gory work.  
He marches to a fine hotel,  
Wherein his evil genii dwell ;  
He tries his strength upon the door,

The pieces fall upon the floor ;  
The lawyer legal-like explains  
How, by this freak, the landlord gains :  
“ Therefore your door is placed ajar  
To let the people near and far  
Behold the splendor of your bar,  
That they may be induced to come,  
Gamble all night and drink hot rum.”  
The landlord comes with fearful ire,  
Shouts, “ You deserve ropes, chains, and fire !  
Look back along the shore of life ;  
A happy girl was once your wife,  
Admired by many wooing swains,  
Who had fine gold and sober brains,—  
Their harps upon the willow hung,  
She listened to your fluent tongue,  
Fine stories of romantic vales,  
Of Alpine dogs and Arctic whales,  
The Rocky Mountains and Blue Ridge,  
The Mammoth Cave and Natural Bridge,  
The lofty Calavaras Trees  
And sylvan nymphs that haunted these,  
The rarest flowers and choicest birds—  
Most loving were your sweet, sweet words  
For her who drank your charming smiles  
And dreamed of no delusive wiles ;  
Riches and honors she denied  
In order to become your bride ;  
You vowed to nourish and protect,  
And for her showed such kind respect,  
She placed her money in your purse,  
Then you went on from bad to worse ;  
She leaned upon a broken reed,  
And knew it in the hour of need ;

You staggered by her suffering bed,  
You aimed a pistol at her head,  
When typhoid fever laid her low ;  
And it would have been a fatal blow  
Had not a noble, kindly dame  
Heard all, and to the rescue came,  
Reached out a gentle hand to save  
Your victim from an early grave.  
You drink and fight, you curse and swear,  
Make devils grin and natives stare !  
Your weeping wife and babe require  
Warm clothing, meat and bread, and fire :  
' Such cruel love, on foreign mountains bred ;  
Wolves gave it nurse and savage tigers fed ;  
It was from *Ætna's* burning entrails torn—  
Got by fierce whirlwinds and in thunder born !

" Woe unto lawyers such as you ;  
What gory deeds you often do !  
'Twas your ancestors, well you know,  
That killed the prophets long ago ;  
Your bloody lineage I can trace  
Back to the murderers of a goodly race.

" Woe unto lawyers such as you ;  
What cruel deeds you often do !  
For bread you give your son a stone,  
And leave your wife to work alone ;  
Whene'er they ask you for a fish  
You throw a serpent in their dish ;  
You placed the cradle of your son  
By an old man of ninety-one—  
A pale, consumptive, ghastly form,  
Wrecked by disease, old age, and storm—

And tried to make him rock the boy  
While you caroused in scenes of joy.

“ Woe unto lawyers such as you ;  
You care not for the sins you do ;  
Your heart is adamant stone ;  
With heavy burdens make men groan,  
And will not deign to do as much  
As burdens with a finger touch ;  
This time the burdens you should bear,  
To show you how your victims fare ;  
You should be hammered with this cane,  
To get some feeling in your brain ;  
An officer should make you quail,  
And lodge you safe in Goshen Jail,  
And plunge you in an icy bath  
To cure your devastating wrath ;  
But tender mercy on a foe  
It is a virtue to bestow—  
Pay damages and homeward go ;  
Your starving family cry for bread,  
And suffer cold, half clad, half fed.”

When by the landlord thus advised,  
The lawyer seemed half civilized ;  
Went to the parsonage, rang the bell,  
And on his knees repenting fell  
The pastor woke from sweet repose,  
And, fearful of no midnight foes  
His goods to steal or blood to spill,  
Addressed the mourner on the sill :  
“ Come in, come in ; at any hour  
We welcome friends when dark clouds lower ;  
We’ll open wide the parlor door—  
Walk in where you have been before.”

“ Oh, tell me where to seek for rest,  
For I'm a wretch distressed, distressed !  
I'm in a sea of folly tossed !  
My choicest hours of life are lost !  
In war-times, on Potomac's shore,  
The mischief done I now deplore ;  
Got drunk and added sin to sin,  
Drove several Union pickets in,  
Then tried to modify disgrace,  
Struck General Mansfield in the face,  
Admired a captain's handsome wife  
Far from the battle-din of strife,  
Wore epaulets so fine and pompous,  
My better half I called *non compos*,  
Treated sage men from Greece and Rome  
And tried to make them feel at home,  
Smashed goblets in a fine hotel  
And Seward lodged me in a cell ;  
Ere this, I always looked around  
Soon as I sinned, and scapegoat found,  
Upon it my transgressions bound ;  
For years I cheated human eyes,  
But now my keeper was too wise,  
I could not find a scapegoat there—  
For once my shoulders had to bear  
A very grievous mountain load.  
This harvest of wild oats I'd sowed,  
It took my sword, a burnished blade,  
The one that made my friends afraid ;  
It took the spur from off my heel,  
No more a war-horse felt my steel ;  
It took the servant from my hand,  
A sprightly, useful contraband ;  
It took my military vow,

The laurels faded on my brow ;  
My fair commission Morgan gave  
Went in a desecrated grave,  
Such as good people never deck  
With floral offerings of respect ;  
In vain I sought friend after friend  
To plead my cause and mercy send ;  
They mournful said, ' Your case is hard,  
Mercy from you is strongly barred ;  
Justice outraged will listen not,  
But calmly says you should be shot.'

" When fever burns the throbbing veins  
And limbs are pierced with sharpest pains,  
Upon a bunk that vermin share  
'Tis hard to live on prison fare.  
Each day on earth appeared the last,  
When my wife heard that I was fast ;  
Ten thousand deaths in every nerve  
She suffered, but did not deserve ;  
For me and my wild fortunes vast  
Through fearful ordeals she had passed,  
Such as forever kept her ill  
In care of Esculapius' skill,  
Prescribing iron year by year,  
A remedy for painful fear ;  
I trod upon her heart and brain,  
Iron she took to cure the pain ;  
But now she needed further aid  
To get beyond the strong blockade :  
She rushed to Lincoln with her plea,  
Gave him two photographs of me ;  
On one a fine lieutenant stood,  
Sober and manly, brave and good,



Loyal beneath a crimson sky,  
With sword unsheathed and powder dry ;  
The other was a renegade,  
His rusty sword beside him laid,  
His ammunition soaking wet,  
He used all bourbon he could get.  
She told the President 'twas rum  
From which my vicious deeds had sprung,  
And begged him to avert the shot  
And let the sinner perish not,  
So ignominious was the spot,  
She said, ' where man dies in disgrace—  
It is the saddest burial place  
For loving friends to gather 'round  
And place their dead beneath the ground,  
The blackest darkness of all gloom  
Hangs o'er the convict's lowly tomb ;  
The Bible says you must forgive  
Hundreds of times—O, let him live !  
He is not ready to be hurled  
For trial in a future world.  
Could Mansfield's noble spirit come,  
He'd tell you 'twas the work of rum ;  
I know he'd intercede for me  
And help to get my husband free.  
He's gone to regions of the blest ;  
He fought for those who were distressed.'  
The strong man heard frail woman's plea,  
And granted liberty to me.  
For rum I've fought and freely bled,  
Its scars are on my neck and head ;  
For it I've been in prison bound  
And camped with vermin on the ground ;  
For it my family have disgraced,

Oft' times their lives in peril placed !  
The strychnine and the poison lead  
Have nearly crazed my aching head ;  
Mine is a deathless agony !  
O, pray for me ! O, pray for me !"

The good man bathed the lawyer's head,  
Sage counsel from the Bible read,  
To soothe a heavy-laden mind ;  
Then said, in truthful accents kind,  
" Here where you stood your marriage-day,  
And plighted vows, we'll kneel and pray."  
A holy, fervent midnight prayer  
The saintly pastor offered there ;  
The God of Justice saw and heard,  
In Heaven recorded every word.  
The lawyer's grief was turned to joy :  
He went and told his wife and boy  
To banish all their painful fears—  
He'd care for them through coming years ;  
Whiskey no more should fire his breath  
And place them in the jaws of death ;  
Vile rum would never more ensnare  
His mind, for Christ had answered prayer.  
Her happiness had no alloy ;  
She shed great sparkling tears of joy ;  
Her darling left his evil ways ;  
She said, " Lo, Saul of Tarsus prays !"

When wheat is sown on stony ground,  
Where little depth of earth is found,  
It cannot bear the sun's bright ray,  
Its scorched and withered all away.  
Good promises too soon he broke—  
Construed them all into a joke ;

His sacred vows and deeds of worth  
Unmerciful he crushed to earth ;  
Clung to his cruel, sinful ways,  
Tenacious as in former days ;  
His family's narrow basement room,  
It was a dungeon home of gloom,  
Where sword and dirk and pistol lay ;  
He wildly swore to crush and slay !  
His wife and child of all were fleeced,  
For them he did not care the least ;  
They looked so meagre, pale and sad,  
Their very presence made him mad ;  
He hired Mr. Santica\*  
To help the paupers move away,  
Into a cabin on the hill,  
Where rains poured through the roof and sill  
It was a mossy old abode,  
A haunt where lurked the snake and toad ;  
Spider, mosquito, rat and mouse,  
Held revels in that dismal house,  
O'er which the owl oft' sang its hymn  
Upon a tree's decaying limb ;  
Its solemn hooting overhead  
Was chorus of all love-dreams fled ;  
Death-watches in the ancient wall  
Ticked "Dissolution comes for all"—  
And surely for each hapless bride,  
When alcoholic seas divide  
Herself and husband far and wide ;  
The mice upon the bedding preyed,  
The old grey rats were not afraid ;  
The must and mold and mildew stuck

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HIS  
\* Henry X Santica (a colored man).  
MARK.

Where crumbling floors showed worst of luck;  
The night-winds through the moss-roof sighed,  
The snow came through each crevice wide,  
The broken walls with moisture wept.  
She watched her babe and seldom slept,  
Yet sometimes in a pleasing dream  
Some visions of delight would gleam ;  
The boy would grow to manly size,  
Sober and healthful, good and wise ;  
He'd climb Parnassus steep and high,  
And on Pegasus pinions fly ;  
He'd cherish virtue in his heart,  
And never from the truth depart,  
And take the Bible for his chart,  
" Act well his part " through coming years ;  
No more she'd sow and reap in tears.  
Poor victims of a cruel wrong,  
The infant's life just two years long ;  
Yet " He who sees the sparrows fall "   
Is mindful when the needy call.  
The lawyer's wife felt less of fear  
Than with a pistol by her ear ;  
And after every dreary night  
The morning came with rays of light.  
She borrowed fuel, clothes and food,  
From people in the neighborhood,  
Clung to her child, worked night and day  
To keep the howling wolf at bay.

A time will come when hearts of steel  
Will know the truth, and keenly feel  
When punished by the iron rod  
Of justice in the hand of God.

## AN APPEAL TO WINE BIBBERS.

Who will in drunken revels share  
Heeds not a mother's dying prayer,  
Though, for his welfare, e'en in death  
She importuned with latest breath  
That God would save the erring one,  
Her precious, darling, wayward son ;  
Her voice was faint, her life-pulse few,  
Yet, prodigal, she thought of you  
While life was ebbing fast away,  
For you she did not cease to pray.  
The death-mist gathered on her brow,  
She lies within the coffin now ;  
Let not her sainted spirit see  
Intemperance destroying thee.

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## TO THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

Ye friends of Temperance dare and do,  
Be not dismayed because you're few,  
Victory waits the firm and true ;  
Like the Samaritan of yore,  
Your healing wine and oil still pour  
On the down-trodden Temperance cause ;  
It needs stern friends and upright laws—  
Efforts to raise it up on earth,  
Renewed as by a second birth ;  
O, rise *en masse* and bravely stand  
To save the youth throughout our land—  
The precious youth ! Let them not be  
Shipwrecked on whiskey's stormy sea,  
For " Bacchus drowns more men, you know,  
Than Neptune " where deep waters flow.









